ONE

Congo News Letter.

l'Ecole Protestante
des Auxilaires Medicaux au Congo

First Graduates
Samba, Mfiengi, Mazamba, Kiyedi, Mankela

APRIL 1938

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

"What Doth Hinder?" ..... Lewis A. Brown
Nzobo Receives a Letter ..... Rhoda Armstrong
A Trip on the Upper River ..... P. A. MacDiarmid
First Presentation of Diplomas ..... Catharine Mabie
First Impressions ..... Isabel Carpenter
Don't Talk Too Long ..... B. W. Armstrong
Building a Power Plant ..... George W. Carpenter
The Fredericksons' Diaries ..... M.M. Frederickson
Kimpese Notes ..... Catharine Mabie
Moanza News Items ..... Ruth Dickey

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Congo News Letter.

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"WHAT DOTH HINDER ME TO BE BAPTIZED?"

This is not written so much with my Missionary brethren in mind as with the hope that the Home constituency may get a clearer understanding of our converts and so know how more wisely to pray for them. Temptations, under the subtilty of satan, take on new and alluring forms. Some a form unknown before the Word brought Light, and some of them old temptations adapted by the tempter to the constant change taking place in native life because of the pressure of our commercial civilization. To escape the stigma of the Cross is the keenest of all temptations in any age. But because the forms of temptations have changed, or come thru other channels, many of our people fail to grasp that the way of Life is a straight way, and that the entrance thereto still is the way of a changed heart thru faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Still there are many, many who come to ask of us this question, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?"

First: Let us realize emphatically that there is no lack of candidates. I have just prepared a preliminary report of the Evangelistic work for the past

year. After eliminating some THREE OR FOUR THOUSAND for lack of constant giving, for conduct unbecoming a child of God, for inattendance at daily or weekly services, and for many other reasons, we still report over SEVEN THOUSAND converts. Every one of these is a potential candidate for baptism. Think of any nine churches in the Home land with such a privilege and challenge!

Second: In a very real sense it is not a lack of desire. Were it to be known that I would be at Vanga for a few weeks, and free to examine for baptism, there would not be an idle moment from early morn till late at night. On a recent trip, examining in each village, candidates who failed to pass in one immediately followed us to the next two or three villages, pleading in each one for another examination. "But, Tata, it will be a whole year before you will get back to us and we only failed in this one question." In another section when it was learned that I was checking up on the cleanliness of the village and the condition of the trails before consenting to examine, villages were swept and cleaned as never State official has seen them. We could often tell if word of my being in the vicinity had reached them, or not, by the condition of the trails.

These are only two of the negative aspects of the question. But before passing on to the positive ones it ought to be said that probably on no other question will one find a greater diversity of opinion than on the question of what constitutes a valid standard for a candidate for baptism. Please bear in mind, therefore, that this article may be biased by my own personal conviction in the matter. What then are some of the hindrances?

1. LACK OF STAFF: Putting this first does not mean it should be considered the chief hindrance, but it is a very real one, nevertheless. I have already spoken of the pleas for a second and third examination after the candidate had failed in the first, on the ground that it would be so long before another visit. This plea is perfectly valid. Our native Pastors give a preliminary examination and reject many applicants. But we have so far insisted that the Missionary must be present and participate in a final examination before the candidate can be received. We have over three hundred villages. Some of them have forty, fifty and even seventy-five and a hundred converts. Others have ten to fifteen. The ideal would be to visit them at least once every four months. Then one would not feel so badly if a candidate was refused because of failure on some one point. The prospects, to the contrary, are that for the next two and a half years one missionary will have to be responsible for both this phase of the work and the Station Boarding School. That will mean that few of these villages will be visited and consequently few have the opportunity to be examined. Our own position in this respect, however, is no worse than any other of our Congo stations.

This lack of sufficient staff also necessitates our keeping in the work poorly trained native workers, who because of their own meager conception of the spiritual life are unable to convey a saving knowledge to those whom they teach. Some sixty of our villages lack teachers at this writing, while to train a new teacher is a matter not of days or weeks but of years. Imagine, if you can, a hospital with patients whose numbers run into four and five figures, the Station

Boarding School, the station and its care, over 4700 church members, three hundred village schools and these thousands of converts. Then picture six missionaries (three families) and you will understand something of what we mean when we say that lack of staff prevents many a convert from being baptized.

2. SPIRITUAL LACK ON THE PART OF THE CANDIDATE: Remember, there is always the thought when a convert falls by the way, that this might not have been, could he have had clearer teaching. THERE ARE HUNDREDS WHO GIVE MENTAL ASSENT TO THE TEACHING WHO DO NOT KNOW THE LORD AS A PERSONAL SAVIOR. The truth is that though they desire to be saved they are not yet "born again". I am persuaded that this is the reason why so often a candidate from our Station schools shows a lesser perception of spiritual truth than does some old woman from our villages. And it may explain why some of them fail utterly as teachers even though they have had a good educational preparation. But God cannot teach spiritual truth either to one whose heart is unchanged, nor to one who is disobedient. These two things, to my mind, are the supreme hindrances to baptism: Some have not yet been saved; others have failed to accept the standard of the Word. This has led to ignorance, and ignorance has led to sin. The enmity of the world for those who walk in the narrow way is hard to bear, and many, many in this respect are found wanting. But it is heart breaking to refuse converts of three, four years and even longer standing, because thru lack of obedience they are still ignorant of Christian teaching. Yet probably for no other reason are

so many rejected. Teaching has been given sufficiently clear but they have claimed to know the Lord while they fail to walk in the Light.

3. FAILURE TO PUT FAITH INTO PRACTICE: When we recall that fetishism once permeated every phase of native life, from the cradle to the grave, it has sometimes seemed very strange that converts and church members fail to put their faith to the test in the common place things of life. We fear at times lest this new Faith is to them in itself a sort of super-fetish. "Give your offerings, attend services." That is to say, break no "taboos" of the Church and you are alright. If there is no flagrant sin for which you can be barred from fellowship, then you are spiritually acceptable. How many there are in the churches who take that attitude! This has been particularly called to our attention recently. We have made a call for earnest prayer. Some of the school boys have responded splendidly, a group of thirty or so meeting every morning before Chapel service for a season of prayer. But our little Workmen-Teachers' village has been torn by dissensions and jealousies, and, until just recently, had no midweek prayer service. When one of the missionaries approached the women there with a plea that they begin special prayer service they responded in a half grieved way, "Why, of course we pray, aren't we Christians ?" That was to say, that attending Sunday services, giving their monthly offerings, and having done nothing for which they could be put out of the Church, justified their claim to salvation and spiritual fitness. Such find it hard to understand why the missionary should refuse baptism to a woman whose yard was dirty and unkempt!

Many a candidate has been refused because he had not paid his personal State tax for two years. And whole villages have been refused when we found the "hangar", occupied by the State officials during their visits to the village, to be in ruins; or the school-church building leaking or otherwise in poor condition. We are tempted to think that they may consider it just a whim of the white missionary. But deep in my heart I am convinced that REAL change of heart ought to effect their attitude in such things as well.

I have not attempted to cover all the hindrances. To my mind these three predominate, although it may be that some of my missionary readers will at once think of others. A good chance for them to add hereto in the next issue!! I have written hoping to stimulate those who in the Home land so often, "Hold up our hands" in prayer. May God bless and increase their numbers.

One other word might be said. So many will ask, "But for what do you seek in a candidate for baptism, and what do you ask them?" Time and space forbid the answer in detail which one might give, but perhaps these may indicate in brief:

1. How do you know that you are saved? Forgiven? Cleansed?
2. What is conversion? How does one show that he is converted?
3. How would you teach another to be saved?
4. How do you know right from wrong?
5. How can one overcome temptation?
6. What is God like? (That is, as to character known in personal fellowship.)
7. What is baptism?

These questions may take a multitude of forms but the purpose is to find out if there has been a real personal experience of which the convert is conscious; that there is evidence that the Holy Spirit is still working in their hearts as believers, and that they are daily experiencing fellowship with God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of over nine hundred examined this past year we accepted 297. How many would pass from among our candidates in the Homeland?

Lewis A. Brown

NZOBO RECEIVES A LETTER

Of course you remember about Nzobo who was such a sick little girl when the missionary lady found her. You remember that she did not have any mother or father or any sisters or brothers. She did not even have any friends that wanted to take care of her and help her. So when the missionary lady wanted her to leave the native village where she had sometimes had to sleep in the ashes of the fire to keep warm, she was only too glad to go.

At the mission station she lived in a dormitory together with lots of other girls. It was fun to sit around a fire at night and tell stories, and to go to the woods with the other girls to hunt juicy caterpillars. It was fun too — sometimes — to go to school, and even to take her turn at being "chief" of her house and having to sweep the floor and sprinkle it with water, fold up the blankets and keep everything neat. The days just went by so fast that pretty soon it seemed as if she had always lived in a dormitory

and been part of a big family. And then one day, just like that, it was vacation. "What is vacation?" asked Nzobo.

Everybody else was so busy washing the blankets clean and packing things in little baskets that they would carry home on their heads, that they could hardly stop long enough to tell her that vacation meant going home to your own village and your very own family! One of the girls just couldn't help jumping up and down when she thought about it, for it would be such fun to be home again with mother and with little sister and to show them how she had learned to read just ever so many words. But instead of jumping up and down, Nzobo just sat down on the ground and didn't say a single word. How could she go home to her own family when she didn't have a single person anywhere that belonged to her? And the more she thought the worse she felt about it until finally the tears just began to drip down over her cheeks and fell, one by one, right on the ground.

And that was the way the missionary lady found her.

I do not have time now to tell you how she comforted Nzobo and how she made her feel that the mission station was her really, truly home; and anyway, you have read the stories about Nzobo and know how she got well and strong and how she had lots of different experiences and adventures. (All these stories are true, you know.)

After a while, the missionary lady had to go to America, and Nzobo began to feel again that she was pretty much alone without anybody that really belonged to her. Of course there were other missionary ladies who took care of her, and other girls in the dormitory;

but you know how it is, no matter how many friends you have, it isn't at all like your very, very own family.

Then one day, Nzobo was called over to the missionary's house. She went pretty slowly, wondering if she had done something naughty that had been found out. But when she got there, the missionary just gave her an envelope and said, "Here is a letter that came for you, Nzobo".

Nzobo was SO surprised, she couldn't do anything but clap her hand over her mouth, and look. But the missionary said, "Don't you want to open it and see what it says inside?" Nzobo couldn't believe it, she just turned that letter over and over; she saw a blue stamp in one corner, and sure enough, there it was written just as plainly as anything:

Nzobo
Kikongo sur Wamba
par Banningville
Belgian Congo

so she just HAD to believe it. And finally she opened it up, and there was a long letter inside! Nzobo could not read English, of course, so she had to ask the missionary to tell her what it said; but she listened carefully, with her eyes just getting bigger and shinier all the time.

The letter was from a girl in Iowa, just about the same age as Nzobo. She told about her school. It didn't sound so very different from the school that Nzobo goes to every day. Then she told about going to Sunday School. Why, Nzobo knew all about that; she goes to Sunday School every single Sunday. Then the girl told about having Daily Vacation Bible School,

and about belonging to a Sunshine Club that had for its motto "Shine for Jesus". That sounded so much like a song that Nzobo had learned in HER Daily Vacation Bible School last summer that she just had to start singing:

Beto tu bana ba kia,
Ka tu bana ba tombe ko,

which is Kikongo for: "We are children of the light, not children of the darkness". The more she heard about the girl who had written the letter, the more it sounded like the girls she knew right here. And all at once she knew that she would never need to feel so lonely any more. What if other girls do go off for vacation to their own villages? Whether they are there or on the mission station, they can go to school and to Sunday School, and they can try to shine for Jesus. Why, she has a friend away off in "the white man's country" who does all of these things. Maybe Nzobo will learn to shine for Jesus too.

Rhoda Armstrong

A TRIP ON THE UPPER RIVER

My recent trip to Tondo brought me in touch with the past as well as the present. One cannot visit Tondo and Ikoko without feeling the presence of those very lovable missionary pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark. All who came in touch with Joseph Clark felt the thrill and joy of missions. There were few missionaries more acceptable as speakers in our Baptist churches or more enjoyed as a visitor in Baptist homes.

Mr. Clark was laid to rest at Bolenge in the fiftieth year of his service for the Congo peoples.

Mrs. Clark is still living and is with her children in the United States. The writer heard Mrs. Clark tell how, as a young girl, her thoughts were turned towards Africa on hearing Robert Moffatt speak of the great dearth of missionaries to carry the Gospel Message to unreached tribes. How she heard the call to Congo to become the helpmate of Joseph Clark I hope she herself will sometime tell us. Mrs. Clark was not so much in the eyes of the public as her husband but her work at Ikoko and Tondo, especially amongst the women and children, has borne a remarkable fruitage during the years.

This trip to Coquilhatville was made, both ways, on one of the fast freighters "Baron Jacques"; four days going up and less than three coming down. Going up the steamer ran most of the night; coming down they do not dare to run much at night for fear of going on a sandbank because, with the force of the current as well as that of the boat's engines, they are likely to stick for hours or days.

* * * *

BOLENGE: Equator station was one of the original group of stations taken over by our Society from the Livingstone Inland Mission. The original site at Wangata, like Leopoldville, was a grant of land from Henry M. Stanley. Later the station was moved a little farther down river to where Bolenge now stands. When, in the early nineties, the lack of finances caused our Society to curtail its work in Congo, Irebu was abandoned and Bolenge was turned over to the Disciples of America who were seeking a location in Congo. Just how Mr. and Mrs. Clark evaded the summons

for all missionaries to come to the Lower River is a bit of history that I am not conversant with, but at any rate they remained on at Ikoko.

Practically nothing is left of the buildings taken over from the American Baptists. While I was there the one remaining house, that built by Mr. Banks, was being torn down. Bolenge has become the thriving base station of the Disciples' Mission. Here, the Central Training Institute serves the whole mission as Kimpese does us. A well equipped printing plant has helped the D.C.C.M. and other Protestant missions in providing a printed literature. It is at Bolenge that the "EVANGILE" is printed.

On the eve of departure for America Joseph Clark completed his earthly pilgrimage at Bolenge, his body finding its resting place in the little cemetery there. While Mr. Clark would perhaps have preferred burial amongst the people he had won to Christ at Ikoko or Tondo yet the three stations — Bolenge, Ikoko and Irebu — had much in the way of affiliation.

* * * *

IKOKO: Owing to Mrs. Metzger's health Mr. Metzger did not feel that he could travel far afield so he asked me if I would visit two centers for baptismal services, Irebu where the waters of Lac Tumba empty out into the Congo River, and Butende which is nearly half way on the road leading from Tondo to Bolenge. I was especially glad to make the first trip because it took me also to Ikoko.

It is two hours' run by motor boat over beautiful Lake Tumba from Tondo to Ikoko. As you approach Ikoko the most prominent building standing in the

foreground is the large new brick church which Dr. Lerrigo and I saw two years ago in an earlier stage of building operations but which now is completed except for a part of the brick floor and the seating. It has been a gigantic undertaking for the Christians of Ikoko but we rejoice in their faith and persistence.

We went to Ikoko to get Frank Clark who is the superintending deacon or pastor of the Lake region. Frank and Vinda were two Palabala boys who went up river with Mr. and Mrs. Clark when they first settled at Ikoko. It is to be hoped that someone will write Frank's life story some day. On asking him about Vinda one of the things he said was: "Vinda and I were great friends. When we married we made a compact that if our wives had disputes we would not take sides with them but would try to investigate and bring about a reconciliation. We kept to that agreement and the result was that Vinda and I had never a single quarrel all the years we worked together." What he thought of women's quarrels was evidenced from what he said when, on the way back, I had to spend an extra day at Ikoko because of a storm and rain. The rain would stop for a little while and we would think that it was going to clear, and then in a few minutes it was on again. Frank said: "Do you know what we call a rain like this. We call it a women's quarrel, for it stops a little while only to come on again and again."

Frank and his wife live in the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Clark. As Frank walks about, quick of step and straight of back you are reminded of Joseph Clark. Speaking of a missionary of another Mission whom he seemed to esteem he said:

"He is a Scotchman, isn't he?" Anyone with racial affinity to the Clarks was likely to win his confidence.

It would not be right to speak of Ikoko to-day without mentioning another couple who are likely to play an important part in the school, church and community life at Ikoko. Nkolito and his wife Ngalula finished the course at Kimpese in June. They did splendid work while at Kimpese and were greatly esteemed by tutors and students there. On their return to Tondo along with another couple, Ngando and his wife who also had a fine record at Kimpese, Nkolito and Ngalula were sent to take charge of the school at Ikoko while Ngando remained to help at Tondo. These two couples also owe very much to Mr. and Mrs. Clark in the building of Christian character.

In speaking with Nkolito about their home life he said that theirs was the only home in Ikoko where husband and wife sat together for meals. He said that some scoffed at him for trying to introduce a new custom that would result in the loss of man's superiority over his wife. He was counselled to persist until others would establish a real home life that would be truly Christian.

* * * *

IREBU: Going from Ikoko to Irebu the engine in our boat had a cranky fit. The iron hull had been bought by Mr. Glenesk of Tshumbiri in the early days of the Mission, while the engine was not quite so ancient, a Ford engine transferred a few years ago from a worn-out car. As a rule it works very well, driving the boat through the water at ten or twelve miles an hour, but occasionally it disagrees with the principle

of its original owner in that it goes on strike.

When the native boys running the boat tested nuts, scraped spark plugs, and then strained all the gasoline in the tank through Frank's felt hat I was reminded of an experience Mrs. MacDiarmid and I had in 1929 near the same place. Mr. Brown had met us at Ngombe on the Main River and we had started out nicely on Lake Tumba when a canoe was sighted trying to cut across our path. The man in the canoe waved frantically so Mr. Brown, thinking he was the bearer of an important message, stopped the boat and waited for him to come alongside. On arrival the man said: "Here is a little dried fish I want you to take to so-and-so in the hospital at Tondo". And there we sat for an hour and a half trying to coax the engine into starting. Rolling on the waves with a hot sun beating down some of the party came near having trouble with their own internal machinery and our thoughts towards the individual who stopped a balky horse when it was doing well were none of the kindliest.

This time we were more fortunate but the engine was started before the anchor was up and the wire tying two parts of the anchor chain gave way leaving the anchor and most of the chain in the bottom of the lake. Four of our lads diving failed to find the anchor so we went on without it. Fortunately Frank had been taking observation of some long sticks near the place, put there to mark fishing nets. I hadn't any faith that we would ever get the anchor but on our return to Ikoko Frank sent out two canoes, explaining our position at the time, and sure enough they came back with the anchor.

At Irebu Frank pointed out the first house that had been erected by our missionaries there. It was built by Mr. Hartsock and after his death in 1892, Mr. and Mrs. Hall occupied it. When the missionaries were called to leave Irebu, Frank was put in charge and lived for some time in this house. It is rather a dilapidated mud-and-wattle building but is still being used by a trading company. Frank also pointed out where the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Moody stood, a place near the present chapel.

In the little cemetery quite a number of military officers are buried. In one corner of it we found the two granite blocks sent out by the relatives of Mr. Hartsock to mark his grave.

But our chief interest was with the living and not with the dead. A thousand native soldiers drawn from all parts of the Congo are under training at Irebu by a small group of Belgian military officers. Even as our mission staff at Leopoldville find a very fruitful field of labor in the military camp so Irebu presents a fine opportunity for Protestant missionary interest. There is a Catholic Mission there but those who have been Protestant church members or adherents feel that they are somewhat neglected.

The native who put my Kikongo message into Lingala was a man from the Wathen area who had been sent up country in connection with the Prophet Movement. His white officer told me that Mampuya did not wish to have anything more to do with Kibangism, that he was the most intelligent native he knew, and that his record in the army where he was now a sergeant was exemplary. I had the pleasure of baptizing Mampuya and a dozen others

in the Congo River. If there were crocodiles amongst the audience that day they did not put in an appearance.

When we came out of the meeting I was surprised to find such a large number of soldiers from the Lower Congo. I was besieged by these homesick fellows who had not heard a Bible message in their own tongue in a long time. If closer supervision could be given to the Christian work at Irebu it looks as if splendid results might accrue from it.

P.A.MacDiarmid

FIRST PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS TO GRADUATES OF THE PROTESTANT SCHOOL FOR MEDICAL ASSISTANTS AT SONA BATA MARCH 12, 1938

March twelfth was a notable day in our mission annals when upon invitation from the Faculty of the EPAMAC a goodly company, representative of government and sister missions as well as our own, participated in the graduation exercises of this new venture in missionary education. Among the guests were M. Lekeux, the Territorial Administrator, representative of the Count de Beaufort, Governor of the Province; Dr. Harkawy, in charge of the region of the Cataractes, representative of Dr. Thomas, head of the medical organization of the Province; Rev. Ohrneman, General Secretary of the C.P.C.; Rev. Pugh, Secretary of the B.M.S., and Mrs. Pugh; Dr. Mertens of the FORMULAC; and Mr. Dorsz, the American Consul, and Mrs. Dorsz. The program took place out under the palms in front of the church. The day was balmy and pleasant.

Following the opening prayer by Rev. Ohrneman, the principal of the school welcomed the guests and outlined briefly the history of the medical work of the A.B.F.M.S., pointing out that from the earliest days the necessity of healing the body as well as the soul had been recognized, even as our Lord commanded. The need for and the origin of the EPAMAC was next explained and reasons for its establishment given:

1) In order to train medical assistants with Christian ideals in an environment favorable to the development of their character. Each day is begun with prayers and two hours each week are given to the study of the Bible and the methods of witnessing to the patients of their Christian experience. Every patient is assigned to an infirmier who talks personally with him, trying to lead him to a better knowledge of the God whom we serve.

2) In order not to alienate the students from their native life and customs. For this reason, as well as to teach the dignity of manuel labor, each one is provided with a garden which is inspected monthly and on which a grade is given.

3) In order to educate girls in the same classes with the boys. There are already two nurses in the second-year class who show in their oral, written and practical work that they are as quick to learn as the young men, and in some subjects even surpass them. There are eleven other girls, nurses not yet in the school, who work side by side with the men in the hospital. For the wives of the infirmiers there is a school to teach them to read, write, sew, etc., and to take better care of their children. A home is not civilized until the wife is educated as well as the husband.

4) In order to teach that "a servant is no greater than his Lord" and that a good infirmier must also work with his hands. The students wash not only the feet of their patients but also their whole body, and that three times a week.

A group of Sona Bata Boarding school boys sang, under the direction of one of their native teachers, "Entre tes mains j'abandonne". Then Mazamba, a member of the graduating class, spoke briefly in French: an appreciation of Belgian government, the work of missions and the untiring efforts of missionaries, especially those connected with the medical school.

Monsieur Lekeux gave an excellent address in Kikongo, laying emphasis on the importance of the work of the mission at Sona Bata and of the missionaries, many of whom he had known for a long time. He gave sound advice to those graduating as well as to all those present, several hundred natives and 25 white people. He reminded the former that theirs is a disinterested service in behalf of their own people and neither money nor station should ever tempt them to lower the high Christian principles instilled in them during their five years of training. To care for the needy, be patient with the sick and faithful in all their service should always be their high resolve. No experienced missionary could have given them a more excellent charge.

Nsiata, the honored pastor of the Sona Bata church, followed with more timely and wholesome counsel and admonition. Mfiengi, the elderly graduate who had already given 37 years of service, being the first infirmier of the mission in the dispensary at Kifwa in 1901, spoke lovingly of Dr. King and his

work in founding the school. The impressive observance of a minute's silence in honor of the memory of Dr. King was followed by the singing of "L'Eternel est mon berger" by Mrs. Elmer Hall. We wish it had been possible for Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle to have been present at this first presentation of diplomas for they were co-founders of the school together with Dr. King.

Dr. Weyts of the government medical service had sat in during the final examinations; Dr. Harkawy in the name of the State now presented to the five graduates diplomas such as are granted to graduates of the government school at Leopoldville. Rev. MacDiarmid, President of the Board of Trustees of EPAMAC, who came to Congo in 1906, told of the beginning of the medical work at Kifwa, of the transfer of the station to Sona Bata in 1909 and of the subsequent development of the work. On behalf of the trustees and faculty he presented the school diplomas. Mfienge was greatly honored by the assembled crowd, the repeated clapping being led by Monsieur Lekeux, a tribute to his having won a diploma despite the handicap of age and all classroom work being conducted in French, as well as to his fine Christian character and faithfulness in service through the long period of years.

Rev. Pugh pronounced the benediction and the well ordered program closed with the singing of "Vers l'Avenir".

The week-end at Sona Bata furnished several delightful social functions. Those of us fortunate enough to arrive on Friday afternoon participated in a cheerful bi-lingual dinner party at which the graduates were

the honored guests of Miss Satterberg and Dr. Witt.

Saturday following the graduation exercises and inspection of the hospital, dinner was served to twenty-three by Dr. and Mrs. Freas in a delightfully informal fashion prolonged until afternoon train time when Mr. and Mrs. Dorsz and Rev. and Mrs. Pugh returned to Leopoldville. In the evening the rest of us encircled a fine bonfire and roasted wieners and enjoyed a picnic supper after which Rev. Ohrneman told us something of the plans under consideration for inter-mission indigenous conference scheduled to precede the General Conference of next June.

May the EPAMAC have many more graduation days!

Catharine Mabie

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

First impressions are so often incorrect, I hesitate to put mine on paper. Only a most urgent S.O.S. from the Editor of the CONGO NEWS LETTER for help in filling this Number compells me to write my early ideas of Congo. If they are crazy and absurd, you have my permission to laugh at them.

When I knew the wedding bells were going to ring for George and me and that we would be sailing for Congo last summer, I asked all manner of questions about Africa; not only from George but from Congo missionaries at home with whom I came into contact. All the information I gleaned didn't tell me just what I could expect and I awaited my first glimpse of Africa with curiosity and interest. The morning we were due to arrive at Lobito, I was up bright and early to catch my first sight of Africa. When

I looked out of our porthole onto the bleak, barren slopes rising up from Lobito Bay, my heart sank into my shoes. I tried to hide my disappointment and cover up some of my dismay, when I asked George if all Africa, and especially Congo, was as void of vegetation as was Lobito. After that I was prepared for anything. Fortunately, the worst came first. As we travelled up the Congo River and saw strips of beautiful shoreline and later when we saw lovely acacia, bougainvillia, frangipani and hibiscus trees in full bloom at Matadi and Kimpese, I knew that there was beauty even in Africa. Finally, when we reached Banza Manteke and looked out over its wide vistas of green valleys and rolling hills and higher mountains round about, I was as happy as I had been at home in the foothills of the Adirondacks where the scenery is exceptionally fine. I am sure I shall never see more gorgeous sunsets and more perfect moonlight nights with myriads of stars and constellations dotting the Heavens than I have already seen in Congo.

From the first I have been impressed with the friendliness of the Congo natives, although a small part of it may be due to curiosity. When we arrived at Kimpese and stepped off the train, we saw thirty or more black, beaming faces peering at us through the station gates. They had come to tell Tata Carpenter how glad they were to have him back and how happy they were that he had brought them another teacher. They were all eager to give me the "glad hand" and while I didn't understand their Kikongo greetings, their big, broad smiles assured me of their welcome to their land. I knew immediately I was going to like these folk and so far that first

impression has not been changed. They showed their appreciation of our arrival by bringing gifts — eggs, peanuts, onions, potatoes and a chicken — eager to share their meagre possessions. While the chicken wasn't exactly a milk-fed one, we were pleased with it, as well as with their other gifts, because of the goodwill and friendliness expressed.

Already I have been initiated into the pleasures of itinerating. Tata Geil, George and I spent a weekend at Lukunga; going by motor boat up the river to Luozi, where we spent a night, and then across to Lamba and thence to Lukunga. If the Lukunga trip is a fair sample of itinerating, I shall heartily enjoy every opportunity I have for visiting the native villages. The natives seem to appreciate the coming of the missionary so very much and the encouragement and help he can give them. I had my first ride in that very fine conveyance, the push-push. The thing had seen better days and the wheel was badly out-of-line which made the push-push wabble considerably. Besides, the man at the front of the push-push was an amateur and simply wouldn't hold the handled up. I had to brace myself and hang on for dear life to keep from tumbling out on my nose. I was chucked back and forth in the seat almost constantly. I was certain the results were going to be the same as those experienced by the amateur horseback rider and that for several days to come I should prefer standing to sitting. Luckily, the man was as sick of his job as I was of his manipulation of the push-push when we reached the first village after Lamba. There we made a decided change for the better. As soon as I was convinced that the new boy was a master in

the art of push-push pulling, I found myself relaxing in the seat and chuckling to myself over the way I must look and the fun my friends would have at my expense, could they see me jogging and jolting over the rough footpath. As the native boys ran along, one of them kept making a strange noise. It reminded me of the "barking" of hunters on deer runs in the Adirondacks.

At Lukunga I witnessed my first native baptism in the beautiful crystal-clear pool at the foot of the hill leading to the station. It was early in the morning, about seven o'clock. The stillness of the countryside, broken only by the babbling of the stream, made the service most impressive. The service was conducted entirely by native leaders. I have been astonished again and again at the leaders who have been developed already in Congo and are doing splendid work among their people toward the development and building of Christian character.

There's another first impression about Congo I simply can't overlook. Would that I could! There are insects, insects, and more insects. It seems as if I spend about half of my time running about the house with a tube of ant exterminator and a can of J-O cockroach paste in my hand, smearing the ant and cockroach runs lavishly with the repellents. And what is the name of the tiny hard-shelled black bug that delights in sampling every kind of food in the house? He certainly has no dislikes or idiosyncrasies about food. I find him in the flour, the tapioca, the rice, and everything else. I've sorted, sifted, washed, and baked food to get rid of the pesky things until I've been tired and exhausted. Even my slumbers have

been disturbed by regular nightmares of fighting an ever endless host of the bugs.

The language has made a very striking impression on me and probably will make an even deeper one before I have finally conquered it. It seems as if it is unnecessarily complicated. I just can't understand all the classes with their prefixes and suffixes. And why couldn't the plurals of words be formed by putting an "s" on the singulars, in the good old English style? Why go to the trouble of changing the word all about? George assures me it's all very logical, once you get the drift of it. It doesn't make sense to me, though, not at the present stage of the game anyway. And it's so very annoying not to be able to say what you want when you want to. When I find myself in a particularly bad jam trying to explain something to my houseboys, I vow I'm going to sit down that very evening and master the language. But alas, I find it can't be mastered in an evening, nor several evenings, and probably not in several years.

What a fine, friendly group of folk the Congo missionaries are! They are men and women of such splendid Christian character fired with enthusiasm and zeal for their work of making Christ known to these people and helping them have a more abundant life. I'm glad to have been welcomed to their ranks. And what a warm, hearty welcome we have received on every hand. When we docked at Matadi, I was most pleasantly surprised to find a large number of greetings from friends all over Congo. The grand reception we received at Kimpese the first weekend in Congo made us feel as if we were returning home.

Tata and Mama Geil and Mary Ann have been so very kind. No effort has been spared to make us happy at Banza Manteke. Then one week we travelled up to Leopoldville without giving advance notice of our coming. On our way we dropped in on the Lanoues at Sona Bata at seven o'clock at night, tired and hungry. Such a disregard of the rules of etiquette didn't warrant the splendid welcome we received. The light lunch I had packed hastily before starting hadn't "stuck" by me and I was simply famished. I shall never forget the delicious supper Adelle prepared. It didn't seem as if food had ever tasted as good. After supper we made the rounds of the station saying "Hello" to everyone, and all extended us the same cordial welcome as had the Lanoues. When we reached Leopoldville the Watkins and Halls would not listen to our going to the U.M.H., but insisted on taking us in and treating us royally. We had such a jolly time and greatly enjoyed becoming acquainted with some more of the big Mission family. Now I'm eagerly awaiting the pleasure of meeting the other members.

My impressions of the spiritual, educational and material well-being of these people vary greatly. One minute I am amazed at the great progress that most certainly has been made since the days of Stanley and the Caravan Road, and the next minute I am surprised at how primitive many of these people still are. I see churches filled with Christian men and women; more reverent than a lot of church members back home. I see young men of fine character holding responsible positions. I see eager, interested groups of school children doing very good work, especially considering their background. I see a well-established medical work;

much of it now carried on by trained natives. All speak of great achievements, wrought to a large extent by former and present missionaries in Congo. Then again, I hear reports of prevalent witchcraft and superstition; I hear the cries and shrieks of wailing mourners; I see the very primitive manner in which these natives still live in their native villages; and I realize the work of Missions is not yet finished. Much remains to be done before the Kingdom of God is established in the hearts and lives of these Congo natives.

So these are some of my early impressions of Congo: a very lovely country in most respects, a friendly, interesting people, a fine group of missionary colleagues, and many opportunities for a varied life of service to God and His children here.

Isabel Carpenter

DON'T TALK TOO LONG

On my way up to meet Mr. MacDiarmid in the Bayaka country, I spent the first Sunday at our Kasansi church. The pastor there is from the Sona Bata field. He is the man who really opened up the Bayaka work, and is the only one of the Bakongo who have worked in that field who has been effective. The boys trained in his first village school in the original Bayaka church at Zikomba are still the mainstays of the work.

He is not at all impressive in appearance - small, thin, with a crooked hand and a harsh voice. He talks and sings through his nose. The people who learned to sing hymns under him do a terrible job. But he

has steadfastness of character that makes him outstanding. Here at Kasansi he has held the church together. It is a matter of record that Antoine Makengu has stood between his people and those who would like to see the end of evangelical churches in Congo.

His work is nearly done out here. He has served according to his ability and the need of the day. Soon he will have to be replaced by younger and better trained men. However, he is still on the job and he can still do a good work for the people and for the Lord. This morning the clouds were hanging heavy and there was an almost constant rumble of thunder. We have no church building as the village is being moved to a different site, and the old building was torn down. We were to have a service under the trees. I was skeptical and asked, "What about it?" Makengu glanced around the sky and then said, "It will be all right if you do not talk too long".

What could one say to that? The piece of iron that takes the place of a bell was pounded and the people came. As long as we were singing, we could not hear the thunder. When we were praying or reading the Scriptures, one had to lift up his voice. I talked of the rich man in Hell wanting to have some special message sent to HIS brothers, and of his request being refused. God does not play favorites. The Way is prepared for all of us and we are all invited to walk therein. If we want our brothers saved, now is the time to go and tell them and teach them and be an example for them. After the talk, one of the village teachers prayed.

Freely translated, this is what he said: "We thank thee, Lord, for this day. We came here to eat of the

bread of life and thou hast given it to us. The storm has threatened to stop our meeting, but thou hast not permitted it. Storms are trying to destroy us and our people; but we ask thee, Lord, not to permit that either. Some few of us have just a little bit of sense. Our people ask us for blankets and salt and meat. Do not let us run to shelter because of any such storm as that. Help us to be willing to be cursed by our people if we are only teaching them the truth about God. Bless those who have taught us, and bless us as we try to teach others. Amen."

The rain come within five minutes after we closed the service. But I had received a lesson that has held over: Dig into the job and plan on very little talking.

B.W. Armstrong

BUILDING BANZA MANTEKE'S POWER PLANT

Nearly twelve years ago Mr. Geil, Mr. Sedam and I visited the site of New Banza Manteke together to plan the layout of the station. After tramping through the tall grass and staking out roads and building lots along the main ridge we took a half day off to go and look at the Lunionzo river, a mile and a half away in a deep valley. We had in mind not only the refreshment of a cool swim but also the possibility of eventually using the stream to supply the new station with light and power. Water in abundance we found, but it was not until a year later that Mr. Leasure discovered the stretch of rapids and cascades farther up-stream which could be developed economically into a power supply.

Ten years ago the young station, its first houses

then but half built, was visited by Mrs. Milton Shirk of Chicago, who was so impressed with its possibilities and with the need for modern facilities that she offered to provide a fund for the installation of a water-supply and electric power plant. The water-supply was installed several years ago, with running water and good plumbing in all the houses, but it is only in these last months that it has been possible to begin work on the power plant.

As I was at home when it was finally decided that I should build the plant, I was able to consult directly with the engineers of the General Electric Company regarding the electrical equipment. For various reasons, however, it seemed best to purchase the turbine and mechanical equipment in France, and there followed a rather ludicrous correspondence between an engineer in Paris and myself in New Haven, each for politeness' sake writing the other's language, and neither of us any too sure of technical terms in any language but his own. However, the deal went through satisfactorily, and we later had the pleasure of meeting in his Paris apartment. Once or twice it was necessary to resort to cablegrams to clear up technical details, but the equipment as it finally arrived appears to be exactly what is wanted. The final test will come next month when we reach the stage of installing it.

From the safe distance of America it seemed like a simple matter to put everything together and set it going, but when we got here and I looked down on the valley, pathless and choked with grass, last November, it seemed less simple. And later when we began to clear the grass and measure the work to be done, it seemed a gigantic undertaking. Now it

is rather more than half done, and we begin to see through to the end, but it still represents a tremendous lot of work.

At Kimpese we found a kapita or foreman, highly recommended and eager to come and work on this project. As soon as we were settled he sent out a call for workmen, and soon we had a sizable gang at work. There was a thick growth of grass and trees and palms, with vines and creepers tying everything together, which had to be hacked away before we could even reach the river. (A single stalk of that grass, cut to-day, measures sixteen feet four inches long.) After choosing the site for our dam we had to locate a canal about 1300 feet long to convey the water on a level course around the rapids so as to concentrate all available fall at the water-wheel. We found that we must choose between cutting deeply through a hill that stood in our way or going around the end of it and building our power-house on a side hill with a long outlet channel through boulder-strewn soil. I still don't know which would have been easier, but we chose to cut through the hill because the canal and power house would be better protected against floods and wash-outs. The cutting is about twenty-four feet deep, and we had not gone far with it before we struck rocks too big to break with hammers. So, after securing a government permit, we bought some dynamite; and bit by bit we are blasting our way through the hill. Incidentally the rock we take out of the hill goes right back into the dam and power-house, so the process is fairly economical of labor.

Banza Manteke is so spread out, and so far from

the power-house, that a lot of poles are required to carry the power lines. The old railway line, now abandoned and in part converted into a highway, was paralleled by a telephone line. Part of the poles of that were still standing, and the company, when approached on the subject, indicated its willingness to offer us a share of them if we would pull the rest, haul them to a station and load them on cars for the company's use. So we built a two-wheeled trailer to attach to the Ford "pick-up", and a gang of men set out to pull poles. It was hard and tiring work, but there were no accidents, and we secured, altogether, more than a hundred poles. I never dreamed, when I came to Congo, that it would be part of my job to pull up poles for the railway company!

Early in January a dry spell set in, and we realized that the time was favorable for building our dam and laying the power-house foundations which had to go deeply below water-level. Even at low water the current was swift over the rocky ledges in the stream bed, and we had to fight hard to overcome it. We built a barricade of sand bags, circular in shape, where we wanted to place a bit of the foundation, thus enclosing a small pool of still water in which we could lay masonry of stone and concrete. When that was set we moved the bags to a new spot and did it again, until we had a series of sections of the dam at twelve-foot intervals all the way across the river. Then we placed planks between successive piers, beginning where the stream was deepest, and built behind them a wall of masonry connecting the piers. This also we repeated over and over, building successively higher layers, until the

dam was nearly complete. Last week it would have been finished, but the long dry spell came suddenly to an end in several heavy storms. The waters came swirling and rushing over the dam in such force and volume that work had to be suspended for the present. However, there is little left to do, and the floods have put our work to the test without effecting any damage thus far.

The canal is partly dug, but that can wait, while some other parts of the work must get done when conditions are favorable. One of these was the dam, and another the power-house. There too the low water enabled us to sink foundations to solid rock, and to blast out some rocks that were in the way. Others were left in place and built right into the foundation walls. Late in February we were able to place the circular forms for the arch which supports the turbine chamber. Two weeks later the masonry arch was finished and we removed the forms. Now the walls are rising toward the second-story arch which will in turn form the floor of the machinery room above.

All this masonry requires lots of sand and gravel as well as stone and cement. The stream itself provides the gravel, great beds of it which we have only to dig up and use. But sand is scarce, and is generally mixed with silt and dirt. So we carried out an idea which Lanoue and I worked out on paper at Kimpese but never had opportunity to try; we made a water-power sand washer. This consists of a U-shaped trough of sheet iron, in which revolves a wooden shaft carrying a spiral of wooden blades. It is turned by a paddle wheel driven by the current of the stream. Attached to the paddles are tin cans, which dip up

water and pour it into a small trough whence it runs into the main trough below. Sand is shoveled in at one end of the apparatus and is stirred by the paddles in the trough full of water. The sand is shoved by the paddles toward one end of the trough, and eventually out of an opening there, while the water flows the other way, carrying most of the dirt and silt with it. One man keeps it working; he has only to put in the sand to be washed and take away the washed sand in boxes as it comes out. The improvement in the quality of sand effected by the machine is quite remarkable. However, the strong currents of the stream give the machine a heavy beating, and we have had a lot of repairs to make. Still in all it has proved worth while.

It will still be many weeks before we can turn the water onto the turbine and send electricity through the wires to light the station. However, the work of construction has been intensely fascinating, and we hope that our labor of a few months will result in bringing comfort and convenience to all: staff, teachers, students, church, school, and hospital, for many years to come. If through the years it makes their work easier, more efficient, and more comfortable, it will have been well worth while.

George W. Carpenter

"God holds the key of the Unknown,
And I am glad:
If other hands held the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad."

Selected

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1894—

WE ASK THE GOVERNOR FOR A NEW SITE: The houses at Kindzila were built temporary, for our permanent station must be located closer to the railway which is under construction. However, no one knows as yet just where this part of the line will be laid. We were refused Kisantu, and also Kifwa, for a Protestant station, but Mr. Harvey saw the governor at Boma and we were permitted to occupy Kifwa. This move pleased the Board in Boston.

This is the second year of depression in the United States and in our Society. Fred finds it hard to carry on the Mission Work in this new field, with cuts in appropriations. So far Fred supports the three girls.

* * * *

WE TAKE A VACATION: August 31st, Fred and I took baby, our helpers and carriers on a visit to Kifwa town. We also looked for a site for our new station. We slept in Ntadi, one of the towns punished by the State for the killing of Mr. Holz. Some men in the town had frightened our water boys asking them if they were not afraid to sleep in their town since they had killed Mr. Holz and could also kill the three white people in the tent. The boys came in and told us but Fred said to them that it was only a threat to show their enmity against white people. The third day we reached Kifwa, early. The news of baby's coming brought a crowd of seventy people around her box and they kept coming all day. We have here a school house seating two hundred. Songo and Mavuba

are the preacher-teachers.

The chief, who died three months ago, was lying in state ten feet from our tent which we put up inside the school house. There were five of the chief's widows sitting by his body mourning. There was quite a commotion outside among the men mourners. A man had been accused of adultery and he threatened to kill himself, shouting his innocence. Ten men were blowing their ivory horns, three sad funeral notes, after dark, all night and every night. Guns were fired, also, over the chief's house and ours, to frighten the evil spirits away! No one could sleep. The girls took refuge under our cots. At midnight Fred went out and spoke to Chief Mangyala. Surely they would not wake our little baby by gunfire and noise. Chief Mangyala stood up and told Fred that they would not hurt baby for anything, and that they would stop all noise; and they did. But baby had slept soundly for five hours through all of it.

* * * *

AN INTERESTING RITUAL: One day we watched the custom of formally taking out a mother and her newborn baby of three weeks from the "house of fire", that is HEATED. An old grayhaired witch-doctor, the "Nganga", was there. Parents choose the time to send for him, to whom is paid three or four brassrods. He fixes a day for the ritual and tells them to gather food for the feast, the evening before, also palmwine. In the morning the Nganga gave the mother a drink made from herbs and roots, while she was still in the house. A man climbed on top of the roof and fired a gun. The Nganga called out the baby's

name, "Nsona", which he himself had chosen. A cloth was hung across the upper part of the doorway, outside; the woman came out and the cloth fell over her head and shoulders. She carried her baby in her arms. The Nganga was standing near, shaking a tiny baby rattle on which were cut out three crosses! A young boy was sitting there, plucking the feathers off of a live chicken. This I could not stand. I went and told the boy to kill the chicken, but I evidently stopped the whole performance for the Nganga walked away and the boy paid no attention to me. I returned to Fred sorry that I had stopped the palaver, but the Nganga soon took up the ritual where I had cut him off.

When all the feathers had been plucked off, the woman took the trembling chicken and carried it between the baby and the Nganga. Then she tied a string to a small stick of which she held one end and the Nganga the other while he led her around the house three times. The father followed with a cooking pot on his head and after him came his other children in single file. Every time they reached the door the Nganga knocked and called the woman's name. The the third time the mother answered, "Ntukidi kwami", that is, "I have come out!" After this the Nganga cut up the chicken, and while the mother sat down with the baby on the ground the Nganga sprinkled blood of the chicken on the mother's forehead, knees and heels. The woman licked the blood with her tongue. The Nganga did the same to the baby. The father also licked the blood. Then the Nganga spread a small square of raffia cloth on the ground and placed the child on it. He took a mouthful of palmwine which he spurt over its chest, he did the same with

water, while moving his arms across its chest, touching it with his elbows in turns. After that he lifted the baby by one arm, swung it over his head and handed it to the father who pretended to buy it for one hundred brass rods, shouting the price. Others put the price higher.

When the chicken had been cooked the Nganga gave the liver and the kidneys to the woman and her husband. Those who cooked the chicken were not allowed to speak but kept a feather between their lips while the chicken was cooking. The parents shared the chicken with the Nganga who was given plenty of food and palmwine, also his fee, after which he returned to his town and the ceremony was over. After this day the baby can be taken out at any time and her mother believes that she will now be kept from sickness, accidents and death.

During the whole ritual there was not heard any noise, nor talk; the audience was reverent. These people will understand the Bible teaching of the Sacrifice, its blood and supernatural protection.

M.M. Frederickson

KIMPESE NOTES

Another school year is all too rapidly drawing toward its end. We have all enjoyed working with Mr. Hemming Anderson, the first S.M.F. tutor to join our staff. The S.M.F. students have fitted into the school as though they had been here of old. We are having a happy year together. Here's hoping this is but the first of a long series of happy, fruitful years of cooperation at E.P.I.

Influenza descended "Like the wolf on the fold", early in February and the medical staff were kept on duty day and night for several weeks. Our babies, some seventy under three years of age, were practically all down with it within ten days to two weeks and many were very ill indeed, but no deaths occurred among them. However, we lost a fine Kibentele student, Matiabu, of whom we were expecting excellent service when he would have returned to his work in June. This was a real sorrow to us all.

The Engwall girls came home for Christmas holidays and we all enjoyed having them here for a month. Returning Yvonne went with them so now we have only Carol and Janet to brighten our days. We are looking forward in happy anticipation to their return in mid-May for another longer holiday.

We have had frequent flying visits from various members of the Sona Bata medical staff en route to and from Banza Manteke for surgical work, and sometimes have been able to persuade them to tarry for a night. Six or seven hours driving, according to whether Freas or Witt is at the wheel! Distances are not what they used to be in the Lower Congo. It has been well for Banza Manteke that it is so since they have been without doctor or nurse all year.

Catharine Mabie

When Dr. Osterholm performed 18 major operations in one week at Vanga his helpers Katiete and Biya had to hustle to keep sterlized supplies on hand. Then seven more surgical cases came in within two days. A mission doctor's life is not blessed with many breathing spells.

MOANZA NEWS ITEMS

The Moanza staff was entertained at Vanga during the Christmas holidays and a delightful holiday it was. The hospitality of our Vanga friends could not be surpassed.

The latter part of February we had another fellowship fest at Moanza when Mr. MacDiarmid spent a few days with us, sympathetically sharing our problems and giving helpful advice and inspiration. Messrs. Armstrong and Brown followed later to spend a few days at Moanza. Mr. Bubeck went on to Vanga with the group.

We have had a very good year in our school and hope to graduate our first class this year. After the long severe famine we rejoice in abundant harvests of corn, rice, peanuts, sweet potatoes, beans and manioc. Now we have need of store houses to store the food. We plan to send three students to Kimpese this year.

Mrs. Atkins' baby clinic has attracted large crowds of mothers and babies each Wednesday afternoon. There are also the sick to be ministered unto.

The building program goes forward in spite of many discouragements. Native boys came running over Sunday evening with the news that the roof of the brick kiln had caught fire. The bricks were nearly all saved. Our Basukus have become hewers of wood breakers of rock. Each day the sawyers go down into the forest and come out with beautiful boards. School boys and workmen are carrying rich red clay from the valley and that clay is being moulded into firm bricks. Others are at work preparing the lovely rock which is going into strong foundations. Thus the

rich Inzia valley is yielding up her natural resources and through the genius of a good builder a new mission station is being born out of the wilderness. Also, the school boys, under the supervision of Mr. Bubeck, are building temporary dormitories.

Great opportunities lie before us and we at Moanza are launching out into the deeps of the Father's will and purposes for the expansion of his kingdom thru the removal of the work to this new site. We are not satisfied with our dwarfish attainments of the past, and so "we launch out into the deep" — Luke 5:4. The depth into which we launch will depend upon how perfectly we have given up the shore and the apprehension of our possibilities.

Ruth Dickey

Mrs. Milton Shirk, mentioned in Mr. Carpenter's article as the donor of Banza Manteke's power plant, in a recent letter to Mrs. Metzger asked especially that the CONGO NEWS LETTER inform her many friends that she will not be able to send any more greetings or cards as her sight is leaving her. She thanks all who have been so kind in remembering her and she hopes that any of our missionaries when home on furlough and any where near where she is will call and see her.

Also she feels all will be interested in knowing that her fine collection of curios are located in a large museum in Memphis, Tennessee where school children have daily access to them.

We assure her the sympathy and prayers of all who know her and love her for her interest in God's great mission fields.

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